SECOND EDITION.

THE MYSTERY

AND

Other Poems.

By ***RALPH HODGSON.***

PRICE SIXPENCE.

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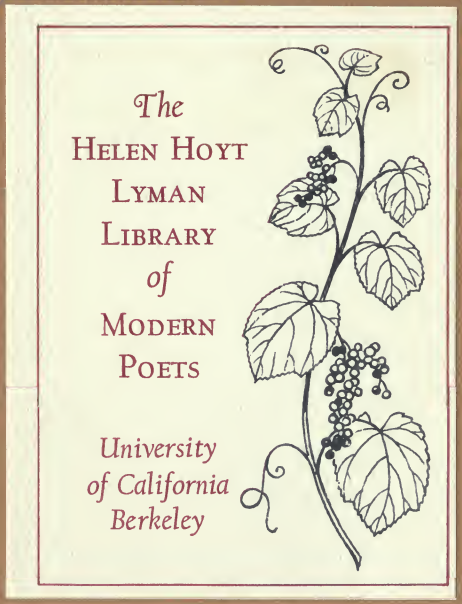

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RALPH HODGSON.

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Stupidity Street.
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THE MYSTERY.

HE came and took me by the hand
Up to a red rose tree,
He kept His meaning to Himself
But gave a rose to me.

I DID not pray Him to lay bare
The mystery to me,
Enough the rose was Heaven to smell,
And His own face to see.

STUPIDITY STREET.

I SAW with open eyes
Singing birds sweet
Sold in the shops
For the people to eat,
Sold in the shops of
Stupidity Street.

I SAW in vision
The worm in the wheat,
And in the shops nothing
For people to eat;
Nothing for sale in
Stupidity Street.

GHOUL CARE.

SOUR fiend, go home and tell the Pit
For once you met your master,—
A man who carried in his soul
Three charms against disaster,
The Devil and disaster.

Away, away, and tell the tale
And start your whelps a-whining,
Say "In the greenwood of his soul
A lizard's eye was shining,
A little eye kept shining".

AWAY, away, and salve your sores,
And set your hags a-groaning,
Say " In the greenwood of his soul
A drowsy bee was droning,
A dreamy bee was droning ".

Prodigious Bat! Go start the walls
Of Hell with horror ringing,
Say " In the greenwood of his soul
There was a goldfinch singing,
A pretty goldfinch singing ".

And then come back, come, if you please,
A fiercer ghoul and ghaster,
With all the glooms and smuts of Hell
Behind you, I'm your master!
You know I'm still your master.

THE SWALLOW.

THE morning that my baby came
They found a baby swallow dead,
And saw a something, hard to name,
Flit moth-like over baby's bed.

MY joy, my flower, my baby dear
Sleeps on my bosom well, but Oh!
If in the Autumn of the year
When swallows gather round and go . . .

A WOOD SONG.

NOW one and all you Roses,
Wake up, you lie too long!
This very morning closes
The Nightingale his song;

Each from its olive chamber
His babies every one
This very morning clamber
Into the shining sun.

You Slug-a-beds and Simples,
Why will you so delay!
Dears, doff your olive wimples,
And listen while you may.

THE JOURNEYMAN.

NOT baser than his own homekeeping kind
Whose journeyman he is—
Blind sons and breastless daughters of the blind
Whose darkness pardons his,—
About the world, while all the world approves,
The pimp of Fashion steals,
With all the angels mourning their dead loves
Behind his bloody heels.

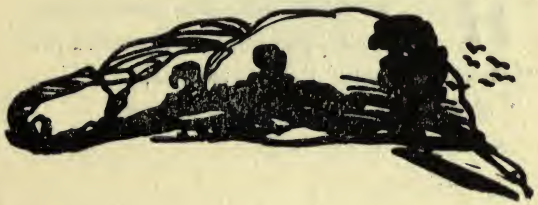
IT may be late when Nature cries Enough!
As one day cry she will,
And man may have the wit to put her off
With shifts a season still;
But man may find the pinch importunate
And fall to blaming men—
Blind sires and breastless mothers of his fate,
It may be late and may be very late,
Too late for blaming then.

THE MOOR.

THE world's gone forward to its latest fair
And dropt an old man done with by the way,
To sit alone among the bats and stare
At miles and miles and miles of moorland bare
Lit only with last shreds of dying day.

NOT all the world, not all the world's gone by:
Old man, you're like to meet one traveller still,
A journeyman well kenned for courtesy
To all that walk at odds with life and limb;
If this be he now riding up the hill
Maybe he'll stop and take you up with him. . . .

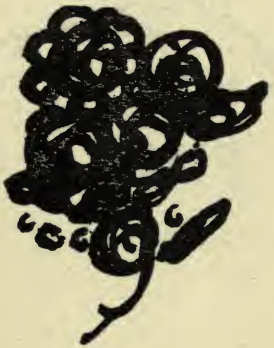
"But thou art Death?" "Of Heavenly Seraphim
None else to seek thee out and bid thee come."
"I only care that thou art come from Him,
Unbody me—I'm tired—and get me home."



AFTER.

"HOW fared you when you mortal were?
"What did you see on my peopled star?"
"Oh well enough," I answered her,
"It went for me where mortals are!

"I SAW blue flowers and the merlin's flight
"And the rime on the wintry tree,
"Blue doves I saw and summer light
"On the wings of the cinnamon bee."



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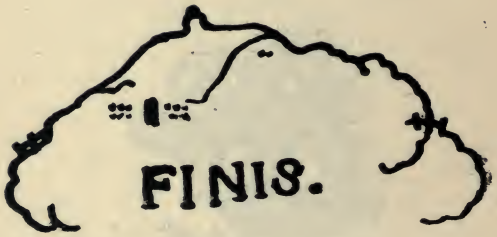

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